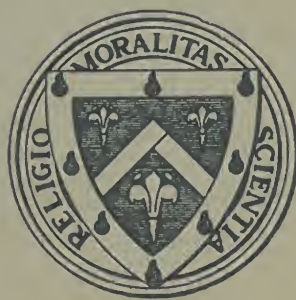


Vol 9 #1

# MEASURE



AUTUMN - 1946

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**SAINT JOSEPH'S of INDIANA**

A College For Men  
Collegeville, Indiana

# MEASURE

(All-Catholic Rating, 1945-1946)

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# The Modern Mind

John H. Ford, '46

Probably the greatest accusation that can be brought against the modern mind is that it knows too much and understands too little. Modern pseudo-intellectuals have fallen in love with knowledge without admitting that it has any other purpose than the glorification of man. Facts, figures, and catch phrases have imbued men with false notions concerning progress, with false ideologies concerning truth, and with false values as to the end of man and his purpose. It does not take much of a philosophical diagnostician to say that these moderns are suffering from a severe case of intellectual narcissism.

The ancient Greek sophists, who became drunk with the wine of a frustrated knowledge, planted the seed. It was fertilized by the humanists of the Renaissance, who insisted that worldliness would bring man into his own while other-worldliness would restrain him. Now the weed has so grown that wisdom has become synonymous with accumulated facts, progress with movement, and man with reflexes and libidos. As a result, the modern mind is more interested in what is than in what matters.

There is a story told of a mother who once discovered her child drawing strange pictures. "What are you drawing, Tommy?" she asked. "I'm drawing God," the child replied. "You can't do that," the mother counselled; "nobody knows what God looks like." "Well," said the child, "they will now."

The humor of that child becomes the tragedy of the intellectualism which has become a modern religion. Anything which the modern mind cannot know by experience it will explain away. Thus if it cannot strap a thing to a dissecting table or examine it in a test tube, it becomes a mythological entity to be listed among metaphysical absurdities. If moderns cannot measure the soul or know God directly, they will say that there is no soul and that if there is a God, we cannot know Him. Where St. Thomas demonstrated, they relate.

Progress has become synonymous with movement. It doesn't make any difference in which direction you are going as long as you keep moving. To have any meaning, progress must have a



goal, a stable goal. Therefore, if we are to admit progress in science, we are also to admit regress in morality. Science recognizes laws that have been established and so works by observing these laws. An engineer who drew up plans for airplanes and in doing so denied that he had to observe the law of gravity would soon find himself out of a job, if not out of this world. Yet a person who does not live up to the moral law, who does not live up to objective ideals, is considered strictly modern because he is freeing himself of undesirable inhibitions.

If such a one's life cannot be reconciled with moral principles, then he changes the principles but not his way of life. If you cannot live up to a given ideal, they say, then change the ideal. So that the modern man can always tell you what he does not believe in, even if he cannot tell you what he does believe in. Keep moving! Change directions as often as you like, but keep moving. And yet these same individuals will look upon world conditions of today, shake their heads and ask: "Where are we going?"

Monsignor Sheen has defined well the position of these intellectuals who have fallen prey to the superstition of progress:

**"Man is naturally good and indefinitely perfectible, and thanks to great cosmic floods of evolution, will be swept forward until he becomes a kind of god. Goodness increases with time, while error and evil decline. No special institutions, no moral discipline, no Divine grace are necessary for the progress of man, for progress is automatic."**

We talk of the ills of the world today as if the universe itself were to blame for the tragic condition of this planet, whereas it ought to be plain even to the most superficial thinkers that man is not getting better and better. It should be evident that the atomic bomb is not nearly so great a threat to world peace as is man's unwillingness to admit of a greater authority than self. The fear of dictators becomes more real when we realize that they are only symptoms of a disease and not a disease themselves. They are the inevitable result of man's refusal to accept the responsibility of reason.

It is time for the moderns to ask themselves: "Where are we going?" In this world where, as Chesterton said, everything matters except *everything*, what is our goal? If it be built upon

the shifting sands of time, then it will be as stable as that sand. It can only succeed if built upon eternal truth.

If the world is to progress, then man must recognize his true role in the drama and his responsibilities to the things that do matter. We cannot hope for a resurrection of the world without a crucifixion of the things that do not matter. It's not how comfortable we are but how happy we are that matters; and true happiness can only be found in truth itself.

It is not so important that we become conscious of meaningless facts as it is that we know correlated truths.

The world cannot be run on slogans and catch phrases. Prejudice can never be dissolved with shouting. This learned ignorance is a matter for the mind and heart.

The situation cannot be solved by going forward to something new, to more false ideals and standards, but by traveling the road back to God. And that trip back will be the world's greatest step forward. It will be a movement of man toward his real end, an awareness that really matters. If we really seek peace, then let us look for it in its source, God.

The greatest demand is that we be men instead of animals.



# For It Was Mary

John R. Klopke

## Cast of Characters

*Father George:* A tall, athletic-looking priest whose voice betrays the well-trained speaker. He is dressed in a priest's street clothes.

*Mary:* A middle-aged housekeeper whose broom and brogue tell their own story. She wears a house-dress and apron.

*The Convict:* About the same height as Father George but smaller in appearance because of his hunched shoulders. A nondescript hat and overcoat leave little of his features visible except his eyes, which are shifty and furtive, always looking for something which he has never found.

*The Sheriff:* A self-important individual. A representative of small-town officialdom.

*Two Deputies:* Obviously sworn in at a moment's notice.

## Scene

The guest room of a country rectory. The walls are decorated with a few religious chromos of the sweet and sugary school. A few uncomfortable chairs are placed in thoroughly uncomfortable positions around a table back L. There is an open window, center, hung with fresh-laundered curtains. At front center is placed a small table, and to the right of it an armchair lighted by a floor-lamp. The chair is at an angle to the left. Father George is seated in it as the curtain rises. The rest of the room lacks the trinkets associated with continuous habitation, except for the fireplace (obviously artificial) decked with bric-a-brac.

## Curtain

(As the curtain rises, Father George is discovered taking the last puffs of a well-deserved pipe. He knocks the ashes out into the ashtray on the table beside him. (Looking R he calls:)

F. G.: Mary!



(Enter the housekeeper R carrying a broom.)

MARY: Yes, your reverence?

F.G. You needn't bother about the bed. I must go on to Brighton tonight, and I haven't finished my office yet. By the time it's done it'll be too late for sleep.

MARY: Yes, father, I'll leave it then till tomorrow. 'Twas a fine sermon indeed you gave. What a pity that the orphanage should burn clear to the ground! I hope the people were generous in the collection.

F. G. That's just what's got me worried. You see, with the pastor out on a sick call and two thousand dollars on the table next to you (gestures toward a small strongbox on the table beside him)—there's no telling what might happen.

MARY: Well, then, we might . . . (Doorbell rings suddenly several times.) There's the bell again! A person might think we're the fire department with all the bells. (Hurries out L, depositing the broom at the door.) I'm coming! Just a minute! (Father George puts down his pipe and picks up his breviary from the table. Finds place.)

F. G. Let's see . . . Deus in adiutorium meum intende—(As he becomes more immersed in his office Mary enters L carrying, of all things, a box of toys. Broken dolls hang out at odd angles, and toys and games are piled high in the center of the box. As Mary crosses from L to R Father George looks up.) Heaven bless us, what's that?

MARY: Oh, 'tis only the kiddies with their little toys. I fix them up for the St. Vincent De Paul Society and they distribute them. Me father told me once I was as handy with a hammer and a pot o' glue as with my mop and broom.

F. G. If you are half as handy in carpentry as in housekeeping the toys will surely be a fine lot.

MARY: Aw, go on, Father, 'tis one too many dumplings I think you've had at supper. (Exits R with box.)

(F. G. settles down to his interrupted breviary. All is still for a few moments when suddenly the silence is broken by a loud single peal of the bell. Mary, entering, crosses rapidly R to L behind the easy chair. Stillness once more prevails. As it grows deeper the priest can be heard.) F. G. . . . Omnia opera Domini, Domino (the Convict enters L and stands silently during the fol-



lowing words.) *Benedicamus patrem et filium* (F. G. looks up and into the muzzle of a gun pointed quite definitely between his eyes by the convict, who has stealthily come almost to the chair.) . . . *cum sancto spiritu* . . .

CONVICT: All right, Mister, put your Bible down and your hands up! (F. G. drops breviary on the floor. The convict moves closer into the lamplight, but we see very little of his features.)

CONVICT: (Barks) Ye heard me! Over there by the wall. (Waves pistol R back. F. G. backs slowly there. Having arrived, he puts his hands down and, as the convict does not seem to mind, leaves them in that position.)

F. G. Well, what do you want?

CON: Money! what does any con who just broke out of the pen need? In three hours I'm getting as far away from this place as I can. Until then, I'm your guest. I bet the cops never look in a priesthouse for me. (Notices open strongbox on table.) Hah! What's this? And I always thought priests didn't have no money. What a laugh! Here's a couple grand if it's a cent.

F. G. (Seeing his dreams of a new orphanage rapidly disappearing.) You can't do that! It's the collection for the new orphanage. It's money for charity.

CON: (Stuffing bills into his coat pocket.) Well, ain't I deserving? Don't I need money? I'm an emergency case and you're bein' charitable to me.

(Enters Mary L very pale with a gash in her forehead and the makings of a beautiful black eye. Carries gun.)

MARY: All right, Mr. Crook, you can just drop that gun. (CON. drops gun. F. G. stoops, picks it up, and deftly throws it through the open window C.)

F. G. There now, I guess that'll settle you. Now just hold that gun a while on him, Mary, until I phone for the sheriff.

Mary: (Weakly) Yes, Father, but . . . well I . . . all right.

(F. G. goes over to the telephone back R and picks it up.) F. G. Operator, get me the sheriff. (Short pause.) Hello, is this the sheriff? (Pause.) Oh, it isn't. He's eating his supper, you say, and can't be disturbed? But this is urgent. Tell him to come over to the rectory right away. There's someone here he might want to meet. I'll be expecting him. Please tell him to hurry. Good-bye.) F. G. turns and faces the convict and speaks to Mary.)

All right, Mary, I'll take the gun now. You go out and get some coffee and something cold for your head. Come back then.

(Mary hands the gun to F. G. with a despairing look and exits R. F. G. looks rather queer as he receives the weapon but says nothing.)

CON: Well, Mister, ain't cha gonna give me the old softsoap about me savin' my soul.

F. G. No, I don't think so. You've got the looks of one who knows the story already. A person who asks in that tone of voice is looking for an argument, not information. (F. G. advances into the lamplight. As he does so the convict glances at the gun with a peculiar gleam in his eye. F. G. takes up his breviary from the floor, and the convict advances a few steps to attack him. F. G. points the gun at him, and the convict's suspicions are confirmed.)

CON: (Snarling) That's no real gun!

(There is a brief struggle during which the gun is dropped, revealing itself as a toy. The convict succeeds in pinioning F. G.'s arms behind him. Pulling a blackjack from his overcoat pocket, he stuns the priest temporarily and lowers him into chair at C. Then the convict quickly removes drape cord from the window back C. He ties F. G.'s arms with it.)

F. G. (Coming to. Mumbles.) Oh-h-h-h. What hit me?

CON: (Patting overcoat pocket.) Little Hoiman here did. This baby's done the same to many a man. Once it even uh—persuaded a mayor. Didn't know the old windbag was a politician. Would have done the job more thoroughly then.

F. G. (Still groaning.) Well, I'm sure glad the Church is above politics.

CON: (Missing the joke entirely.) Well, I guess I'll be leaving now. See you in church, Ha, Ha!

(Convict backs slowly L. Mary with a bandaged head has entered quietly L and picks up broom which she had left there.)

CON: Sweet dreams to you, parson.

(At this point he is efficiently knocked into oblivion by Mary's broom.)

MARY: 'Tis the first time I've really wished the same to you and many of 'em. (To F. G.) Me father could handle a shillalah twice as well, but the broom did all right. (She goes C and unties F. G. They both drag the unconscious thug to the armchair, and



Mary appropriates the other drape cord to tie his feet as F. G. ties his hands. Bell rings, and immediately after is heard an excited shouting as the sheriff and his two deputies burst into the room. The sheriff is attired in nondescript clothing. A large star is prominent on his vest while his napkin is hanging from his waist. The egg stains on his soiled shirt betray the main course of his supper. A shoestring tie completes his costume.)

MARY: (Her Irish dander up.) The law t' the rescue!

SHERIFF: (Interrupting) Aw, it wasn't nothing.

MARY: (Continuing as if not interrupted.) Listen, you blarney-tongued idiot, you came to the rescue all right, but just five minutes too late.

F. G. Yes, this is a case where the intention does not suffice for the deed.

SHERIFF: (Stepping closer to the convict.) Say, it looks like you really caught sumthin', Reverend. He's worth five thousand dollars.

MARY: Well, Father, praise to St. Patrick and me trusty broom, it looks like we'll have a new orphanage.

F. G. That it does indeed, but surely you'll take some of it for your quick thinking.

MARY: (Determinedly) No, that I will not; since I left the orphanage I'm grateful to it. Sure'n, when they found me it was autumn and the squirrels were busy, so they called me Hazel after a bit of a nut. Thanks be to God, when they baptized me they called me Mary.

(Deputies take convict who has come to and lead him L.)

SHERIFF: (At door) Well, reverend, that's all for tonight, but come to the office tomorrow and the reward is yours. (Exits L)

F. G. Well, Mary, my head aches. Would you make me some coffee, good and strong. This has been a much busier night than we expected. (Looking at his watch). It's 11:15 and my office isn't said yet. It'll take St. Patrick himself to keep me from being suspended. Prepare the spare bed anyway, Mary; I'm going to stay and collect that reward. (Throws right hand to his chin.) And get back the collection that thief had in his pocket.

(CURTAIN)



# Black and White

James E. Miller

I do not think anyone is unaware of the great racial problem today. To call it a Negro problem would be a misnomer, for the task of racial collaboration lies especially on the shoulders of the white race. We outnumber Negroes ten to one. We dominate and control every field except that of suffering.

The interracial problem in America is something far more important and significant than a mere racial question. It is a situation the roots of which probe deeply into the historical development of the economic and political structure in America. For it was on Negro labor that the new South developed and flourished.

On the evil of slavery many based the cause of the Civil war. During the depression years following 1928, the Negro showed that he can not be overlooked in the economic world. The white worker learned that he could not protect his own living standard if blacks were barred from unions. Hundreds of thousands learned that they struggled in vain for increased wages and labor recognition unless white and black worked shoulder to shoulder. Consequently, many Negroes became members of steel, automobile, and packing unions.

During the years of Negro enslavement certain fixed social patterns, stereotypes, and beliefs were crystallized in the relations between the black and white races. Especially was this true in the South. Negroes became mere servants, doing all the manual labor, while the white people seemingly enjoyed society life. This stamp of racial and social inferiority placed on the Negro is a direct result of these historical roots, grounded in traditional prejudice, not in fact.

Since interracial prejudice, deep rooted in the minds of the American public, blinds these otherwise intelligent people to the progress the Negro has made, discriminatory policies continue. The Negro has poorer housing conditions and conversely, higher rents. His income is far below that of the whites.

We jam the Negro into already over-crowded living quarters and then sneer at him for his dirty, dingy way of life. We make

his life almost unbearable, even snuffing it out, and yet we condemn him for fighting for that right to live.

He is segregated in hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, and office buildings. Segregation is even carried into our schools and churches. According to popular opinion, the Negro can be educated and worship God—but only in his “proper place.”

What is his proper place? Is he not a man who can demand fundamental human rights? Is he not a citizen of these United States, bought by the blood of your ancestors and mine? Should he not, therefore, possess the same civil and religious rights and freedoms as the whites?

The Negro of America is becoming embittered and, to a large extent, justly so. America, while acting a big sister to the rest of the world, has been a very unjust mother to one-tenth of her children. The Civil War was fought that this nation might live as a nation, and that all her members might be free and equal citizens. Does that condition exist? It does not. Why not? Because of greed and prejudice. America fought and won World Wars I and II for the ideals of equality and freedom for all nations. But for the American Negro these ideals are little more than myths. The Negro bought his portion of these. He paid for them with blood and life. But actually he receives nothing!

Segregation carried into our schools is the outstanding reason for the Negro's not progressing more rapidly in both the intellectual and social fields. Recent school strikes in Indiana and elsewhere revealed many parents who withheld their children from attending schools where the Negro too receives a meagre training. The dominant reason is the false notions about their colored brother. The need, then, of educating the whites concerning the true ways of the blacks seems imperative to assure future harmony, cooperation, and toleration of both races.

When afforded the opportunity to exercise his rights, the Negro has proven his competency in many fields. As we now stand on the apex of the twentieth century and scan his path of development, we are amazed. The Negro has traveled as far in three hundred years as the white in two thousand. What a picture! Imagine European history from the time of Christ to our own telescoped into three hundred years! Then you can realize how



great, how terribly brutal, and how intense is the transposed life of the colored man.

Despite these conditions, his products are noteworthy. Surely no one can deny the distinctive contributions of such famous men as Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, Marion Anderson, Richard Wright, and Joe Louis. Booker Washington has been hailed as the Negroes' outstanding orator and educator. Richard Wright is one of today's leading Negro voices. Dr. Carver has been considered one of the leading apostles of agricultural variegation and cooperation. Few excel him as a scientist. Of all melodious sounds, those flowing from the voice and soul of Marion Anderson rank with the very best. And who would not be proud to possess the physique, title, and honor of the world's heavyweight champion, Joe Louis? A typical example of American sportsmanship and Negro ability.

Deprived, however, of this education he deserves, unable to develop these God-given faculties, the Negro must remain a shoe shiner, street cleaner, or garbage hauler all his life. The blame rests not so much on him as on the whites.

Segregation carried into our churches means this: of the thirteen million Negroes in this country, only three hundred thousand are Catholics; approximately seven million, seven hundred and fifty thousand belong to no Church. This large majority, lacking religion, proper education, and adequate facilities to fill their leisure time, fall easy prey to the subversive civil and religious activities of communistic and atheistic groups.

Such tremendously alluring forces, loosed upon already intolerable conditions that serve as a foundation for despair, succeed by playing on the emotions of a highly emotional people. They give the Negro an ideal toward which he can strive. They call forth his courage and initiative by an alluring appeal to his natural instincts.

If this nation is to stand firm and unwavering against the thrusts and attacks from without and the uprisings from within, it must grant to all its members an equal share in its freedoms and rights—not in word but in actuality. We Catholics dare not call ourselves such and continue to deny the Negro his share in the fruits of Christ's Mystical Body. For without interracial justice there can be no Christian justice.



It is true, we cannot hope to change human nature over night. But since racial prejudices are acquired, not innate, we must work on human behavior. We must add reasonable white opinion to intelligent Negro leadership to produce the sum of widened opportunities and lessened handicaps. We must begin now to starve out those prejudices by proper Christian education of both whites and blacks.

Being passive to this problem will be held against us. For did not Christ say, "Whatsoever you have not done unto the least of my brethren, neither have you done it unto me?" and "Whatsoever you have done unto the least of my brethren, you have also done unto me?" How then can we see millions of our fellow Americans live miserable, poverty-stricken lives and die untimely deaths while we lazily and contentedly sit back and say, "Some one else ought to do something about this"?

We have won a war by force. We can not hope to maintain a peace by the same means. But we can do much toward promoting peace by practicing what we preach. We must admit the colored into our daily lives and into our brotherly love as far as it is possible.

What does the Negro desire? He wants to enjoy this vast, wide, and beautiful world which our Lord created. He desires an opportunity to walk in this march of American life. He demands the right of membership in the Mystical Body.

It is impossible to build either a Catholic world or a just peace on the false foundation of racial distinction. How many have not tried and failed? Hitler was the last to fall.

It is the duty of us Catholics to lead the nation. It rests on each individual member of the Catholic Church, lay and clerical, to decide what part he will play in their leadership.

# For They Shall Be Filled

John H. Ford, '46

Lakeville! Next stop, Lakeville!

The overenunciated announcement caused little commotion in the stuffy day coach. The man who came through selling candy and soft drinks always got more attention. Even Joe did not take his eyes from the blood-red clay of the landscape that ran away from the noisy train. That was all there had been for the past hundred miles. Red clay and ramshackle houses with snuff and beer ads nailed to their dilapidated sides and roofs. Red clay that a slow, monotonous rain had so imbued that it seemed that the earth was slowly bleeding to death.

Now, Lakeville. Since the day that he had left he wondered what it would be like. What did it really mean—this coming home? People you wanted to see and people you didn't want to see. Things that you loved and things that you tried desperately to forget. Joe wasn't quite sure what home meant to him. It seemed that it might be the repetition of a single tragedy that he had witnessed in those ramshackle houses that disfigured the scenery of the past hundred miles. But he had come back. He had come home and he wondered why.



The nervous clang of crossing bells and several impudent neon signs, made him reach for the kahki coat that hung in front of him and sent him to the platform in front of the car. He picked up a small handbag out of the maze of luggage against one of the doors. As the train slowed, the distorted picture that flew past the window became more discernible. After several



convulsive jerks the train came to a stop. A lanky, red-faced brakeman threw open the door and proceeded to raise the platform over the steps.

"Well, boy, I guess you're glad to be home," he said in a perfunctory tone.

"I sure am."

"Been away very long?"

"Three years."

"Overseas any?"

"Thirty months."

"Well, I know you're glad to be back; but from what I've been reading in the papers it wasn't too bad for you colored boys over there. Got a lot more privileges didn't you?"

"I guess you'd call them privileges."

The air was cooler and fresher outside, and it had stopped raining. The breathing of the engine was deep and rhythmical. Joe took two baggage checks from his pocket and looked at them only to decide that he would get his baggage tomorrow. The brakeman waved a white lantern and the train coughed spasmodically as it toiled under its heavy load.

The tall Negro stood there a moment watching the group that had gathered around the sailor who had gotten off the coach ahead of him. He lit a cigarette, picked up his small bag and walked toward the end of the station. The crowd around the sailor stopped talking as he approached, and with a painfully obvious nonchalance turned to stare at him as he went by.

"Ain't that Joe Johnson?" one of the group whispered.

Joe smiled. Yes, he thought, it's Joe Johnson. The same Joe Johnson that you used to stare at when he got off the train with his brother Ed when they would come home from college. Yes, Joe Johnson was home.

He turned the corner of the depot and passed the lone taxi which was waiting—but not for Negro fares. Yet tonight it wouldn't be so bad. Three years is a long time to be away from home. It would seem good just to walk through town, to see Lang's Drug Store, and the Emporium, and the **Sentinel** office and the whites' two theaters, which would be covered with blazing colored posters. It would be good to see Miss Ada



sitting in the ticket office where she reigned like a puppet queen in her palace of glass.

It had been three years, but Joe knew what it would be like. Miss Ada sitting there—Tom Lang sitting on a stool in back of the drug store watching some high school youth fixing something at the fountain. The **Sentinel** would have the week's paper pasted in the window and Ed Hawkins would probably be sitting at his desk wearing a green visor, creating one of his editorials on the mistreatment of southern industry or the supremacy of the white man. Since it was just eight-thirty, the lights would still be on in the windows of the Emporium, which would be filled with cheap dresses, lingerie and tan shoes and coveralls.

Three years! It would still be the same. All Main Street would be the same, and beyond Main Street, past the public library and out into "nigger town,"—it would all be the same. Black youths who didn't have a movie to go to would be sitting in the smoke haze of Sam's Tavern, drinking warm beer, swapping dirty stories, and shooting craps. There would be boisterous, unpleasant laughter while some drunken youth tried to paw a girl who would resist just for the laughs. And once in a while a steel blade would be buried in black skin.

Then home. Ma and Granny and Ed and Ed's two kids. Granny would be sitting in the corner rocking gently and smoking her corn cob pipe, lost in some fanciful dream that is the pleasure of the aged. Ma would be mending or cleaning, but no matter what, she would be singing to herself. Ma was like a little girl. She seemed to live in a world of her own creation, not knowing what was going on in the real world. But maybe she did; maybe that's why she lived in that world of her own.

The two kids would be older, but they would still be lost in some game that their imagination had contrived. And Ed! Well, God only knows where he might be. Probably at Sam's.

Joe waved to Miss Ada as he went by. She bowed stiffly and smiled, as if he were returning from the corner instead of war. Further up the street Fred Hawkins was leaning against the front of his father's office. He was wearing a uniform with a special service patch on it and buck sergeant stripes.

"Hello," Joe said.

The soldier nodded, inhaled a cigarette, but did not speak.

He turned after Joe had gone by, and his eyes followed the Negro down the street.

"Well, I'll be damned," he exclaimed; "that black bastard is a first looley."

\* \* \* \*

The emotions of the family when he entered the house were the same emotions experienced by millions of families whose loved ones had come home, but this was Joe's own. Somehow, amid the embraces from Ma, Granny, and the kids, coming home really did mean something; and that something, Joe realized, made the difference between this house and those that he had seen along the railroad track. This was home, no matter what else it was.

"Lawd, bat it's good t'see yuh, boy. But land sakes, whyd'nt yuh write yo' ma and tell yuh wuz a comin?"

"I guess I just wanted to surprise you."

"Hmm hmmph, but yuh sho' do look a heap in dem clothes. Look at dem shinnin' bars, chillen, an' Granny, did you evah see sech a fine lookin' lootenant?"

Granny wiped her eyes and returned to her chair in the corner, but the children were jumping up and down like dolls on springs.

"Did you kill any Germans?" they shouted. "Did you get any medals, Joe? Did yuh, Joe? Did yuh?"

"You kids run out an' play," Ma said. "Joe'll be atalkin' t'yuh after a while. Run on now."

The two youngsters moved toward the door reluctantly and turned with downcast eyes hoping for some reprieve. But Ma meant it.

"Git," she said. "Time nuff tomorrow for Joe tuh tell yuh all whuts dun happened t' him."

The sagging screen door sounded like a gavel when it slammed. The children's case was closed.

"Where's Ed?" Joe asked.

"Out."

"Out where?—Sam's?"

"Unh-unh."

Ma went to the coal oil stove in the room and opened the

oven door. She placed some cold biscuits on the bare table and turned to a cupboard, only to stop and face Joe.

"Joe," Ma said. "Chile, ah hates t' have t' bring up nasty things jes when yuh has cum home. But ah 'spect it'd be a heap better fer yuh t' hear it from me—it's 'bout Ed."

"What's wrong, Ma?"

"Ah dont rightly know too much 'bout it. Ah knows it ain't good. Ed's dun got hisself into trouble with de whites. Dey told him ifn he was caught going to any mo' of dem meetings dey wuz agoin' t' give him a sound thrashin. An' dat boy has gone t'one t'nite."

Joe became serious. A deep line appeared above the bridge of his nose as he motioned for his mother to sit down.

"What meetings, Ma?"

"Ah don't know much 'bout it, Joe."

"How much do you know?" Joe asked impatiently.

"All ah knows it ain't no good. Couple a months ago dat Lee Washington cum by hyar and told Ed 'bout dis meetin'. He talked Ed inta goin'. Since den it ain't been de same. Ed's all time talkin' 'bout us colored folks gittin' whut we got comin'. He says is's about time dat de black man do sumpin' 'bout de way he's bein' treated. An when he and dat Washington fellah gits t'gether dey acts like a couple o' kids. All time dey talks 'bout bein' comrades and dey keeps spoutin' off 'bout the burgoise or sum sech nonsense. And ah ain't never heerd so much fussin' in my born days."

"When did he have the run in with the whites?"

"'Bout two weeks ago. Joe, yuh'll have t' talk t' him."

"I'll talk to him, Ma. I'll say I'll talk to him."

\* \* \* \*

Sleep would have been evasive because of the excitement of coming home, but the news concerning Ed made even any relaxation impossible. Joe sat up in bed and reached for a cigarette, but before he could light it he heard a footstep on the porch.

"Who's there?" he asked in a low voice.

"Ed's in jail," the visitor said, ignoring Joe's question. "You'd better get up there right away."



By the time Joe dressed the messenger had gone. Since the disturbance had not awakened the family, Joe decided to let them sleep.

Joe was fumbling around in his mind wondering what to say to a brother that he hadn't seen for three years, a brother who was in jail, a brother who some people would say was trying to tear down the very things that he had been fighting to preserve. He did it quite simply.

"Hello Ed," he said.

Ed was sitting on a bare steel cot with his head in his hands, still bleeding from his nose. A deep cut gaped above his right eye.



"Joe! Joe!"—Ed rushed to the bars. "When did you get home? Man o' man, but it's good to see you."

"Tonight," Joe said, quite solemnly. "What's the trouble, Ed? What have you been up to?"

The bleeding figure was trying to smile, but he hung his head.

"Not much, Joe. You know me. Just can't seem to keep from getting into a little trouble once in a while."

The jailer came in, unlocked the cell door, and handed Joe a bail receipt.

"You'd better take care of this guy, Joe," warned the jailer. "You niggers got it pretty good in this town."

The two men walked side by side in silence after they left the jail. They were almost half way home before Ed broke the stillness.

"It's good to have you back, Joe. I'm sorry to make your first night home so unpleasant."

"What are you up to, Ed?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ma told me about the meetings. What's up?"

"Nothing much, Joe. Some of the fellows have been getting together over at the county seat a couple of times a week. Walking those five miles keeps me out of mischief."

"Or gets you into mischief—which? What were you doing in that jail—getting fresh air?"

"Some of the whites said I stepped out of line in town to-night. They don't know what is going on at those meetings, and they don't like us to have them. Every chance they get they make trouble for us."

"What is going on at those meetings, Ed?"

"Not much. Mostly talking—or, maybe it's dreaming, Joe. I don't really know. Just a lot of colored men talking about things they'd like to have."

"And of ways of getting them,—maybe?"

"Maybe?"

"Look, Joe," Ed said, "let's don't have an argument. Let's don't spoil your coming home."

Suddenly Joe grabbed Ed by the shoulder and swung him around so that the brothers were facing each other.

"Listen! I feel like I've just come back out of hell. I've come close to death and I've watched men die. At times I wished I could die myself. I've gone days without sleep, and then, when I would get a chance to rest, every time I closed my eyes I would hear the screams of men and shells. I've been sick and hungry and scared; and this thing I went through, and millions of others went through, was to preserve something. The most wicked thing I saw was the type of person who would destroy a country from within—like a termite would eat out a foundation. We colored people have rights, Ed, but we can't get them the way you think. There is a right way to do everything."

"Right! Right!" The muscles in Ed's jaws stood out like bones; his breathing was deeper, and his nostrils dilated. "What the hell do I know about right? What rights can a black man have? It's been the same since I was a little kid, when I first heard the word 'nigger'; already then I found out it meant that I was different, that I was to be shunned by most people, to be looked upon as if I were little more than an animal. Rights! Why, I can't get into half the places in my own home town, even most of the Churches close their doors to me."



"What's my life been? Since I was a little kid I've been haunted with the feeling that I can't do the things that most men do because of the color of my skin. I watched my wife die because she couldn't get the proper medical attention, since the only hospital within fifty miles wouldn't accept a colored patient.

"I worked my way through college and was told that I was an outstanding student. At commencement they said I would be a great teacher in some school. Well, I'm in a school all right, but as a janitor sweeping floors. And what about you, Joe? You might have been an officer in the Army, but when you got off that train tonight you were a nigger again, a nigger, Joe—that's all."

"Shut up!"

"Is that what you were fighting for, Joe—freedom? Freedom for who, Joe? For me? For Ma, or for the kids? For yourself?"

"I said, shut up!"

Joe turned and started to walk slowly. Ed was beside him.

"Ed, the colored man has come a long way. We'll get opportunities in time. Some day people will understand."

"Some day, Joe. How far has the colored man come along, and how much suffering did it take? Do you mean, Joe, that you want me and my kids to suffer for people who haven't even been born?"

"I mean, Ed, that right's right, and there is a right way to get the things that we deserve."

"Who's to say what that way is?"

"Ed," Joe said, "stay away from those meetings. That's not the way . . . stay away, Ed. I mean that."

\* \* \* \*

Ed had already left for work when Joe awoke the next morning. Breakfast would have been an uneventful ritual except for the banter of Ma, who was obviously trying to hide her anxiety about Ed.

Joe spent the morning visiting neighbors whose welcome was over-emotional but based on sentiments which he appreciated in themselves. He was back home in time for lunch because he suspected that Ma had gone to a great deal of trouble to prepare just the little things he liked, and he was right. Shortly there-



after he dressed and left the house. "I'm going down to see about my baggage, Ma," he exclaimed. "I'll be back before supper."

Sam was sweeping out the Tavern when Joe passed. The aging Negro dropped his broom and came out to greet him. Sam's welcome consisted of an embrace and two bottles of beer.

There was scarcely any more activity on Main Street that afternoon than there had been the previous evening. The lethargic attitude of the South permeated the life of Lakeville.

Joe noticed the small group in front of the **Sentinel** office. He watched Fred Hawkins as he left the group and walked toward him. The sergeant whom he had seen the night before came almost abreast of the lieutenant and raised his arm in what the officer thought was a salute. Joe was quick to bring his hand to his cap; then he realized that Fred's hand had stopped at his nose. Fred laughed and the group in front of the **Sentinel** office was boisterous.

Joe felt the flush of anger. "Didn't they teach you any manners in the army, Fred?" he snapped.

Suddenly there was no more laughing. Fred moved closer to Joe, and the group just a few feet away made a circle around the Negro.

"Look, nigger," said Fred. "Dont worry about my manners. Seems like you've forgotten your own. It's still 'Mister' to you black bastards."

"That hasn't got much to do with military courtesy."

"Why you ——" Joe saw the youth draw back his fist and he raised his arm to ward off the blow, but one of the group grabbed his arm. The impact split his lip. He strained, trying to free himself. In the struggle, he was kicked in the stomach and groin, and he sank to the concrete sidewalk



almost senseless. The small group dispersed.

"Don't forget your place, black boy," someone warned. "You and your brother keep up such stuff and you won't stay in this town long."

It was almost dark when Joe left Sam's. Not even the warm beer could settle the confusion in his mind. It seemed like a thousand thoughts were trying to rush into one small spot, so that there was crowding and pushing and nothing was very clear. The anger had subsided, but there was a deep resentment. Joe was still fighting the emotions that overpowered his thoughts when he reached the porch at home.

Ma rushed to the door. "Joe, Ed's gone," she said excitedly; "he dun gone to another one of dem meetins."

"When did he leave?"

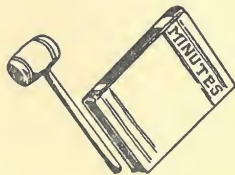
"Jus' a minute ago."

Joe turned and started to run toward the road.

"Joe, where is yuh goin' boy,—don't yuh boys fight."

Joe did not answer, but turned down the highway toward Jasper. Ma ran to the road calling after him, but the figure kept running toward another far up the road. Darkness was approaching and Ma found it difficult to tell when Joe reached his brother. But now she could see that they were facing each other. She stood watching and wringing her dirty apron in her hands. Granny came to the porch staring impassively as if nothing mattered, and the children kept playing, wondering what could matter. It was Ma who waited.

Then the figures turned, and she could see that they were walking together. Because of the distance and the dusk, she could not tell in which direction.





# The Franciscan Dante

John E. Royle Jr.

In sudden death there is a dormant realization that quickens in friend and stranger alike. That corpse—but a few moments before the living temple of the Holy Ghost—lies now but the remains of ravaging death. That corpse—but a few moments before the citadel about which flaunted merrily love and laughter—lies now but the assurance of the passage:

“Memento, homo, quia pulvis es  
Et in pulverem reverteres.”

Of all accomplishments, happiness, love, and life itself the will of God directs the warrant of death. Too late then when the writ is served; the door of death slips shut behind. An inexplicable emptiness arises as a friend departs—a vague uneasiness that winces deep within.

What to a man advanced in age who through indifference voices no particular affiliation to Religion might such as this mean? He has no bulwark to rest against now at the loss of his dear friend. He has seen death before, but always at a distance. And now his friend. What does this mean? A chasm deepens within him. He must forget. He must forget. But he can not. Above all, he can not comprehend.

Then it is that the environment of his childhood, youth, and manhood may motivate him and introduce him to the truths that have lain overt to many, but to him confined in the prison of his reservedness. He realizes the meaning of life after he has ben shocked into cognizance of it by its ultimate, mundane end—death.

Thus was born Giacomo Benedetti da Todi from the death of his angelic young wife, Vanna da Coldimezzo. Vanna, educated in a convent, absorbed the mystic in life from the saintly nuns who had cared for her. She loved the penance in life and accepted it as just expiation for her sins. Her mind revisited often the vales and bowers of meditation; she walked in the presence of God.

She was young, beautiful, and ascetic at heart when she



came to Giacomo, and she was all too conversant with her husband's inattention to the spiritual. Nevertheless she raised no objection to Giacomo's attentions to her and his efforts to make her the queen of his life. She served him as a loving wife. But in her heart she wept for him, performed penance for him, and beseeched God to save him.

Jacomo trod along his path in the legal field and furthered the renown of his ability as a lawyer. He was content to hold himself as one of the happy and powerful people of the world, revelling in luxury and pleasure.

But Death came. He crushed Vanna fatally beneath the banner-bedecked throne of a stadium erected for the celebration of a glorious Italian wedding.

Jacomo reeled under the impact of Death's seeming injustice. He sank to the ground beaten when he discovered the coarse hair shirt about his tender wife. He wept when he thought of the suffering she had endured for him. Penance. Penance for him, Jacomo da Benedetti—knight at the lawyers table but pauper at God's.

He moved but he knew not where. He sought, but he knew not what!

Now it was that early life in Umbria, saturated with the Franciscan spirit and crowded with religious contemporaries, rose to lift Jacomo up from the mire of remorse. At last he emerged from his bereavement another man than he had been before.

**"The Doctor of Law, the man of the world, was gone.**

**In his place was a heart-broken penitent, already conscious of the stern demands which Divine Love makes on the soul; a fanatic who sought only for opportunities of exaggerated self-abasement, for some means of atoning for the sins and follies of the past."**

Vanna's desire was realized. Jacomo sought God now instead of the temporal trivialities of the world; sought Him first as a Franciscan Tertiary, later as a lay Brother in the Friars Minor.

Thus there begins a new life. The prudent man becomes a fool; the rich man becomes poor; the learned man, ignorant; the nobleman, dressed in rags; the contriver of contracts, a poet of poverty. Jacomo da Benedetti becomes in the taunts of misunderstanding townsmen—Jacopone da Todi—the little fool of Todi.

Jacopone was, however, advanced in age—thirty-eight at the time of his conversion. To posit his conversion as having happened overnight is doubtful. Could Jacopone shake off the shackles of his previous life in such a short time? Similarly as St. Augustine relates in his **Confessions** how his previous life hindered him from acceptance of God, there is a passage in Jacopone's works which seems to indicate that his struggle for complete resignation to the will of God was hampered by his past life for at least two years.

**"I am forty years old and I aspire to lead a holy life. So far, the virtue I have acquired could hardly be discerned in me."**

Nevertheless, gradually his life in the service of God shows results, and he writes:

**"Well do I know the greater fool, for I see my erring ways. The Lord has given me such light that I should be glad to die for Him."**

There is no compromise for Jacopone. He must practice humility instead of pride; and if humility is not enough, humiliation—even annihilation.

**"I can not be reborn  
Till mine own self be dead;  
My life outpoured, outshed."**

Contemplation of death is substituted in Jacopone for the love of life, and he sings the ancient theme:

**"When thou are merry, and thy head is high,  
Think on the grave, O man, where thou must lie."**

The call of God demands that he must hate himself and destroy himself. He must renounce the world and look like a fool in the eyes of fools. The salvation of his immortal soul must be realized.

**"My soul, thou art an everlasting thing,  
Thy joys endure away:  
The senses and the pleasures that they bring  
Must vanish and decay.  
To God then take thy way,  
None else can satisfy;  
There is a land where God can not die  
And happiness endures eternally."**

Deeply the truth that life will be attained only in death settles in Jacopone:

**"To the Cross I sprang,  
On the Cross to hang  
To taste true life as I die."**

Ardent, passionate invocations steal from Jacopone's lips as he grows closer to his Divine Master, and he implores:

**"For thee I swoon, I weep,  
Love, let me be,  
By courtesy,  
Thine own in death, O Love."**

Jacopone became this little fool of God, this victim of burning love, in the exact counterpart of his worldly life. For thirty-eight years the world was his master; now for thirty-eight years, God is his Master.

But as he progressed in the field of perfection, Jacopone opened a new road in Italian literature. In him two byways concur: the current secular vein, clotted with the professional and artificial tradition of Sicily and augmented by the young poets of the "*Dolce stil nuova*," is joined to the religious verse of the common people. From this union springs Italian religious poetry of which Jacopone is the earliest worthy representative.

His poetry is, indeed, poetry of reality, poetry of simplicity, poetry representative of Franciscanism, poetry blended with the religion of the uncultivated classes. Expressed in his native tongue, it is carried to heights of mysticism and ecstasy. Shocking and crude when disgust is his objective, he is familiar and tender at contemplation of his idol, Our Lady. Resentfully bitter in his invectives, he is deep and subtle in theological mysteries.

Jacopone spent his years in search for God in the Order of St. Francis of Assisi. During these years he became the great poet that we know him. He never reached the heights of the Assisian nor did he write the verse of Alighieri. In religion, Jacopone was a faithful son of St. Francis; in Literature, a worthy precursor of Dante.



# Reverie

John P. Ruffing

In the east the blackness of night gradually gave way to a leaden gloom. From the jungle floor a milky vapor rose heavily, filtering through the dense, tangled foliage above. The tropical forest was swimming in a dusky mist. Mammoth trees were seeking light in the loftiness above, each trying to tower above its neighbor. Their branches were festooned in gray Spanish moss and gnarled hanging vines. Tangled underbrush writhed around the tree trunks and crept along the wet ground. Seemingly from nowhere, giant spider webs, studded with tiny sparkling rain drops, loomed up.

The forest was astir with animal life. From the tops of tall trees, small winged squirrels slipped down, now and then, through the murky air, and clung to the bark of nearby trees. Out of the oppressing stillness, a laughing jackass screeched out an hysterical yell. As day slowly approached, the monkeys began to chatter high in the trees; sometimes they swung from limb to limb, amid a chorus of squeaking. The dimness of early dawn now gradually dissolved.

A gentle breeze rustles the saturated forest. What is that? A steady, pulsing rumble seems to float in on the wind, rising and falling as the breeze stirs and dies. Then the sound is gone. The breeze continues to come and go. The forest leaves shudder; then they hang motionless. But no, there couldn't have been any sound! It must have been my mind working subconsciously. I have heard it said that the imagination does such things. I continue, spreading the underbrush as I go, and all the time, trying to throw off some vague apprehension.

Now again, it is there. Listen! This time it is louder. I am frozen with dread, yet sweat oozes out of my whole body—cold sweat! Boom-boom-boom—always the same appalling rhythm. My God, is it everlasting? It seems like my brain itself is dully throbbing in my head.

I take a few steps toward the direction of the sound. Am I going crazy? For suddenly before me the jungle is no more! There stands a marble city in the midst of the jungle. As yet the

sun has not risen, but I can see white stone buildings lining the streets of the city. The city must still be asleep, for I see no one moving about. But there is not silence; the drumming has not stopped. Lifting my eyes, I notice the summit of a white marble pyramid. It is in the very center of the city and soars high over all the other buildings. It seems easily a hundred feet high to me.

After securing for myself a better view over the city, I can see that steps have been carved from the rock on each of the pyramid's four sides. At the top of this marble pile is set a beautiful little shrine, like a diamond mounted in a ring. At last I see the cause of my fear: at the foot of the pyramid, completely surrounding the base, a line of men, beating on crude kettle drums, are moving with a regularity like clockwork.

I am surprised to see that they look like no man I have ever seen. Their skin is red. Long, gruesome lines of red, yellow, and blue are traced all over their bodies. They are in the most nearly complete state of undress that I have ever seen; a loin cloth seems to be sufficient clothing for them.

All this time the shadowy picture is slowly brightening. Suddenly the sun lifts itself above the horizon like a giant red burning ball. Immediately the walls of the marble buildings catch the light and stand out in rose-colored relief against the darker sky in the west where the night is still fleeing. The sun peeks its head above the green trees; finally; when it stands above the horizon, the drumming stops. Looking to the top of the pyramid, I seen a man with a brass trumpet stride out of each side of the little temple. One marches to each corner. The trumpets are lifted and the men blew a long flourish to each corner of the world. Then they turn around and again enter the four little doors of the shrine.

Now a low drumming begins again, barely audible. From the little shrine a priest walks out, fully dressed in rich robes, which sway languidly on his body as he moves slowly forward. Following him is a long train of men also beautifully dressed. Then six men appear holding on their shoulders a chair. In the chair there sits a girl of modest charms in the flower of maidenhood. She is dressed as a bride, but she is not happy! Her gentle head is bowed down; her eyes are closed. What can be



the matter, and on such a great day of celebration as this seems to be?

Behind the young woman walks a stalwart warrior, clad in glinting steel armor. His head also hangs. Neither the warrior nor the maiden has the look of shame but that of fear. The cortege solemnly descends the steps of the pyramid. The streets below seem suddenly to have filled with the people of the city. The glittering procession now moves along a wide stone-paved causeway, perhaps a quarter of a mile long.

As the solemn train glides along, the drumming gradually becomes louder. The rhythm quickens. The bodies of the nearly naked drummers glisten with sweat. Boom! Boom! Boom! Louder and faster every minute.

Now the procession has reached a large platform at the brink of a deep pool of clear water. For the first sixty or seventy feet there is no water, only a sheer drop to the dark bluish-green waters below. The whole group gathers on the platform. What seems like the total population of the city is looking on, completely surrounding the chasm.

Now the drumming gets still louder! Priests begin to chant in an unknown tongue! Every moment the drummers beat harder; every moment the priests chant louder. Then, moving with impressive deliberation, the six bearers lift the maiden from her chair. She is laid on their hands, three men on each side. Rhythmically they swing her back and forth between them at the edge of the pool. Always the arc of the swinging girl is increasing. Finally, in a deafening roar of drums, the girl flies from the hands of the men far out over the water, then down, her wedding garb streaming in the air. The armored warrior plunges in after her. They sink and disappear forever!

While I stand there, staring wide-eyed at that strange, silent group surrounding the pool, the priests, the hushed crowd of people, the altar—everything is gone! The shining pyramid, the glory of the city—gone.

\* \* \* \*

O, why can't I continue to let my imagination revel in centuries long gone? The mind, unguided melts decade after decade in the short moments of musing. But now I must get back to my history book, which caused all this.



The name of this Central American city was Chitzen Itza, the highly civilized and wealthy capital of the Mayan Empire. This American Indian empire came to the peak of its civilization about the year 1500. The country around Chitzen Itza was very dry. During the dry season, water became very scarce. But when it would rain, the people of the city, in gratitude to their god, Zum Chac, would stop work for a day and take part in a joyous celebration.

As a thanksgiving offering to the god who sent the rain, the most beautiful daughter of the city was given as his wife. They believed that Zum Chac lived in a watery palace in the depths of the deep pool. The girl, then, was thrown into the pool; a young Indian brave dived in after her, to escort her to the royal wedding.

This city of wealth and of glorious and cruel paganism is now only a dream of the past.

## THE PICTURE

*The camera winked its magic eye  
And caught a picture—  
A moment of time intact.  
A sunbeam's dance on a cataract,  
An inquisitive squirrel perched on a limb,  
A golden bee laden with its store  
A mother's brown hair adorned with a rose.*

*The squirrel still watches as it toys with a nut,  
The bee continues its droning sound,  
The sunbeam plays on a watery thread,  
Framing the brown locks of mother's hair.*

*Though mother's smile is laid to rest,  
In its place on the mantle her picture stands  
Recalling forever her love for me.*

# On Being Small

John E. Lake

To begin with, this essay is written enviously. Make no mistake about that. For nineteen years I have had the misfortune to be in almost constant companionship with hearty specimens of humanity, who all seem to reach at least two yards into the higher realms. It has been so long since I have been able to look a fellow human being directly in the face that I have now acquired a permanent stiff neck from forever looking up at people.

There will probably be a deluge of mail in my box as soon as some of my seventy-two-inch contemporaries finish this, but for my own satisfaction I will continue in my attempt to enumerate some of the woes of being a "shorty."

I grant you that there are many advantages to being small. For instance, a small person can always sit comfortably in the cramped quarters of the local movie emporium, and watch his favorite six-foot movie hero walk off with the dainty heroine. He can always be the sixth man in the back seat of the crowded automobile, and he can always be the manager of the local basketball team. People will always come to the games if for nothing more than to chuckle at the contrast between the giants on the floor and the puny manager.

There is also one last lifeline. In times of need the short man can always find a position with a circus, simply by purchasing a five-cent cigar and posing as a midget recently imported from the wild unknowns of Tibet.

I recently read in a column of a famous daily newspaper that short men make fine husbands. I don't quite understand what the writer means by the use of the adjective "fine" and, since I have not had any practical experience, I can't vouch for this statement. I will, however, add that if a searching female is looking for that rare specimen of manhood who will always look up to her, then her best bet is to marry a short man, for he will forever do so, at least physically.

I'm sure that it will not be questioned that the short man occupies a unique and necessary position in society. Literally, thousands of business enterprises concerned with the noble task

of building the body beautiful would be forced from their livelihood, if it were not for "Mr. Five by Five." Social gatherings would be completely without humor if there were not present at least on who could serve as the center of fun—and I might add pity.

Carpenters would be forced to use six-footers as their criterions when constructing doorways; likewise, theaters would be forced to follow the same procedure when selecting seats. This, indeed, would be a terrible calamity. The whole social system of our country would be wrecked. Tall people would have nothing to shout about. Everything would be serene. Surely, in a few years, this would shatter our morale and bring all of our dearest ideals crumbling to the ground.

I am not one to devote myself exclusively to one side of the question: for the sake of information and argument, therefore, let us delve into the other side. Our tall contemporaries have their troubles too. From boyhood on these lanky fellows, usually sensitive souls, have a tough time. They are immediately saddled with such names as "Stretch" or "Stringbean," and they are forever suffering from the repetition of the outdated joke: "How is the weather up there?" When they reach manhood they are confronted with the claim that tall men rarely live to a ripe old age. Their comfort is ignored in street cars and buses, and they have a hard time finding clothes that will fit them.

Now, to refute these arguments. As for the nicknames, we can dispose of this with the coy remark, "You're not the only ones." However, to rise above this low witticism, we might add that since we short ones are definitely in the majority, it stands to reason that this nickname argument is more of a sore spot to use than to the taller specimens. As a climaxing blow, we might further add that it is a proven fact that lanky fellows are, by nature, good-natured fellows, so this low form of humor tends to affect us more than it does the "beanpoles."

As to the argument of the weather condition in their vicinity, this question seems wholly unreasonable; and I, for one, can see no cause for sensitiveness. Our tall friends have been endowed with this added advantage of height; why should they be allowed to consider this an exclusive privilege. Because of their height they can much more easily ascertain the impending wea-



ther conditions. This they should share with us more unfortunate ones.

It has been stated, probably by an envious five-footer, that tall men rarely live to a ripe old age. Why should they? Because of their distance from the ground they are able to see much more than we shorter ones can; it is only natural that we live longer so that we may complete our observations. Anyway, they make a much better target for the average driver than the inconspicuous little fellow. To climax this question, I could interpolate from the Bible that death is the only surety in this life; and to become slightly morbid for the moment, death is certainly no respecter of persons.

As to the final argument, under present conditions it makes little difference whether a man be short or tall; in either case he stands little chance of finding a seat on a bus or street car. Courtesy demands that the female sex be given preference. Taking into consideration some of the more plump of this sex, this point of the argument is safely disposed of.

I hope sincerely that this article has not added to the hopelessness of the short man. For, indeed, his case is far from despair. Shortness in reality is a rare gift, a gift which only a few million people have in common. If there is safety in nothing else, there is certainly safety in numbers.

Many of the world's greatest men have been cursed with this fate. Napoleon, one of the world's greatest military geniuses, was far from being a six-footer. We can always silence our antagonists with the simple statement that brains were not allotted on the same ratio, nor was initiative, ambition, or success.

With these profound statements and facts we come to the end of our tirade against shortness. We have proved, at least in our own mind, that shortness is not necessarily a scar to blemish us throughout our lives, nor is it a mark of insignificance. Rather, it is the work of mother nature, and the absence of correct vitamins. Therefore, we short-statured ones must go forth into the world, defying convention, and make our mark. It is better to be small and shine, than tall and merely cast a shadow.

# Sixpence

John R. Klopke

Yes, Roderick Thornton, 'tis true that God bequeathed to you body and soul, but from the devil you inherited an unnatural lust for gold. Oh, how you loved the glittering, filthy stuff!

Do you recall how your passion for its possession drove you to open a book shop just off Victoria Circle in London? That was a clever move, Roderick, for now you could charge exorbitant prices to the poor, rich fools eager to uphold their social prestige by reading the latest best seller. And who knew but that some day you might find yourself the owner of a rare, priceless volume. Yes, Roderick Thornton, you lived for the time when you would find that book. Ah, and then countless, scintillating coins would be yours.

Roderick, do you remember that day in your book shop when a mild-mannered wisp of a man approached your counter to make a purchase? And you with your usual suave salesmanship inquired:

"I say, sir, do you wish to buy that book? Why, I feel almost guilty in asking money for it, sir. It's such an ugly looking thing. I can't imagine what you want it for. But business is business. It will cost a mere sixpence, sir, a mere sixpence. Shall I wrap it? No? All right, sir, here you are. Thank you and good day, sir, good day."

Then, Roderick, as the shop door gently closed behind your diminutive customer, do you recall how you sneeringly chuckled to yourself? "Ha, ha! The poor fool, buying a book that has been rotting on my shelf for five years."

But then a cold tremor of fear brought your exaltation to a sudden stop as you murmured: "Strange, the appearance of that book almost haunts me. It has a rather odd binding; and the print, that print, it seemed so——. Oh stop it, get hold of yourself. That book isn't worth a farthing. Yet would that I had charged him more than a sixpence. Ah, but the sixpence shines too."

Your keen sense of business, Roderick, didn't let you become anxious over a book that sold for a mere sixpence. After all,

you were interested in much bigger stakes. The days slipped into weeks that were fruitful in profitable transactions. Things were going quite well, weren't they, Roderick?

Then came that fatal day when you received the latest copy of the *London Librarian*. Eagerly you thumbed to the price lists of new books. Yes, business would continue prosperous, Roderick. Then you came to the article about rare books. You began to read:

"All book lovers know that John Milton is reputed to have written his *Serenade in Sixpence* in 1674. His death occurring in the same year resulted in the printing of only one copy of the work. This collector's treasure, evaluated by experts at 100,000 pounds, was purchased for a sixpence at the book shop of one Roderick Thornton——."

The magazine fell from your trembling fingers, Roderick, as in an agonized spasm you groaned: "No, no! It can't be! I didn't let that book slip through my hands. Oh, no, no! My life ambition gone. Hoping, waiting, watching for the one book that would make me rich, rich with many thousands of shining coins. Gone, gone! Never to hope that hope again.—Why live? Yes, why live? I know what I'll do: I'll drown myself. Ha, ha! Why not? I'll let the waters of the Thames blot me out of existence. Ha, ha! A sixpence, a sixpence!"

Then Roderick, with an insane look upon your twisted countenance, you dashed out of the shop. And do you now remember what I called to you? "Wait, Mr. Roderick Thornton, come back to your book shop, come back. What, you won't come back? All right then, Mr. Thornton, hurry to your destruction"

"I shall conclude the article for you: "But noted bibliographers, after an intensive two weeks' investigation, have proved that this edition of Milton's *Serenade in Sixpence* is definitely a fraud and not worth a pence."



## EDITORIAL

1946—and the world is known as the world of the atom bomb. The material advances of men have long characterized the age and civilization they represented and as a result, a chain of diverse epithets has been assigned to the world since the first one, God's World.



History gives record of this; it explains such periods as the paleolithic, bronze, and iron. Under these general classifications it may enumerate various minor divisions. At present history is inscribing atom period. These surnames show how man struggled from depths and reached heights. We are informed likewise of the tremendous contributions of individual nations to which we are indebted. Today past centuries raise us and buoy us along. We possess a legacy of centuries, civilizations, and peoples. It is opulent; but it is mundane.

Only as a supplement to man's true legacy does this inheritance of ages mean anything when the spiritual side of man is in question. It means nothing unless the truths of God are present to interpret, to glean, and to direct in its use. In a worldly inheritance discrepancies are natural. Without truth to interpret these variances, man would become a creature devoid of truth and as such nothing; for man is a creature of truth.

His true legacy is the body of truths given to him by the Founder of the Christian Religion. It is this endowment that makes him free. His tellurian legacy suffers change with time; the endowment of God remains intact since the day it was bestowed.

God gave these truths to man that he might realize the very purpose of his existence, the salvation of his immortal soul. Knowing the weakness that was inherent in man, God gave him a representative that would guide him in interpretation and application of these truths, the Church.

Some men, however, failed to accept the word of God and made every attempt to draw the others who did away with Him. They questioned every truth that God revealed. They formed false philosophies and false religions. Some denied the very existence of God. Others denied essential truths. They could not agree. They were devoid of truth and were nothing.

The questions that they offered against man's true legacy are still with us today in our daily lives. Their adherents of the twentieth century employ as their chief weapon the advances of science. Science by its very nature is improved as man becomes more adept at discovering the truths it contains. With each step that science has made in the greater development of its truths these fanatical men have sought to show the development as contradictions of science and religion.

Time is no element here. In each year there are great developments in science; in each year, severe repercussions in religion. So perennially have these arguments been presented that the ordinary man has grown callous toward the entire affair and has passed the defense and discussion on to others. He has done this although with a little reason he could see that with God as the author of both and God of Himself Truth there could be no contradiction.

Less proof than this would be sufficient to make men fight for his mundane legacy, even unto death. Why then when the legacy of God is at stake, should he fail. Backed by God, he should not be too weak to fight.

John Royle, Jr.

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### THE TACTICS OF HATE

The recent trial and condemnation of Archbishop Stepanic in Yugoslavia has focused the attention of the world on that Balkan state. It is the testing ground for the strategy of communism versus democracy. And so far, it seems as if communism has won every victory in this struggle. Archbishop Stepanic's trial is the culmination of a well-planned, ruthless campaign to advance the ideals of communism.



What can account for this success? Perhaps we may draw a comparison. To compare the present state of communism to the condition of the Church in the first centuries of its existence may be odious to a loyal party member; it is just as disgusting to any loyal Catholic. Yet the position of present-day communism is analogous to the first growth of the Church after its emergence from the catacombs. During the time of the persecutions, the Church was composed of zealous members ever active in the cause of Christ. It took courage and daring to live a Christian life at that time because such a life might be quickly ended by a stroke of the headsman's axe.

The early communists played much the same role. Their membership was composed of ardent zealots who burned with white heat to advance their cause. One false step and they might face the firing squad.

When the Church was given its freedom by the edict of Constantine it became more fashionable to be a Christian.

Some members were not concerned with ideals. With communism's advent into Russia, forced agreements with its tenets produced many half-hearted exponents of its theory. Things bogged down and communism modified its policies somewhat.

World War II was the Red Council of Trent. A new upsurge swept weak governments into unscrupulous hands. Their tactics were simple: smear, smirch, destroy, silence all elements who might resist them. Discredit all heroism except their own. All the trials and executions in communist-dominated territories have had one aim: to destroy the intelligentsia and pave the way for the speedy conversion to communism.

Out of the chaos the Church has emerged as the uncompromising foe of communism. Our tactics are those of love and tolerance for others. It is becoming increasingly evident that it is from these two spheres of thought the world must choose. Yugoslavia is the acid test of these two systems. From the recent events there it is evident what kind of government the communists advocate. It is also plain that this government would make life over into a robot existence not worth the trouble to support. There is only one alternative—the teachings of the Catholic Church on the social order.

John R. Klopke



## HAPPINESS

We are told that happiness is "the full possession of a perfect good." Perhaps this word "happiness" is one of the most misunderstood words in any language. It is generally agreed, however, that happiness is worth giving out the best that is in us for its attainment.

In its concrete application, happiness cannot be something abstract or transitory, or a goal desirable but unattainable, as a child would grope after soap bubbles or a young lady crave to be "Queen for a Day."

Genuine happiness, then, is to be something real and permanent, not something shattered by the periodic shedding of tears, or episodes of disappointments that shade everyone's life now and then. Happiness can be as simple and as much a part of us as a loaf of bread.

True, there is a certain mental disposition nourished by passing pleasure and disguised as happiness—but this is artificial, fad-like, and soon dissolves into the past along with Hitler and zoot-suits.

It is no longer a secret that happiness grows out of charity and sacrifice and work. This happiness is genuine and permanent—profoundly rooted in the soul. Such is the kind of happiness that must be the reward of the faithful father of a large family; of the busy, understanding mother; of the solitary monk cultivating cabbage on Kentucky fields; of the enthusiastic nun as she teaches the "Hail Mary" to lisping children; of the clean-minded soldier dying in no-man's-land; of the newly-ordained priest as he elevates the Sacred Host at his first Mass.

William J. Buchman

## BOOK REVIEWS

### *The Challenge of World Communism.* By Hamilton Fish. Milwaukee: Bruce, 1946.

This book is distinguished not so much for any newness of ideas about Communism as for its admirable presentation of the facts concerning this world-wide problem. A writer in this field need not develop startling theories; a mere bringing up to date the facts can give him superiority.



As a matter of fact, this insistence upon facts rather than theory is a welcome diversion from the reams of theorizing that have been pouring from the press in recent years. Hamilton Fish, former chairman of the House Committee to investigate communist activities, reminds one of the late Al Smith and his "Let's look at the record." His facts, however, lead up to only one logical conclusion: Communism is entirely foreign to our way of life as Americans and Catholics.

This dynamic volume has the power to make one stop and reflect. A casual glance at the table of contents will show how well the author has covered his field. In bold strokes he depicts the general field of Communism in its world implications and its battle against religion; then he goes on to point out its influences in Europe, China, Latin America, and our own United States.

A man of no mean ability in his field, Hamilton Fish speaks with authority. Besides his first-hand contact in his official capacity with the exponents of Communism, he has also kept abreast of the latest developments in the field by a wide program of reading and study.

Fish's competence to treat of Communism is amply illustrated by the wealth of documentation his book contains. Besides the many excerpts appearing in the text proper, an appendix of forty-five pages provides more thought-provoking material. By quotations from widely differing sources, the author shows a remark-

able grasp of the tangled threads that make up the warp and woof of the Communist tangle; at the same time he reveals the pattern as one of hate and destruction.

The author uses a simple style throughout. In clear, concise sentences he sketches briefly the history of the Communist movement and then goes on to show its effect socially and geographically upon the world. This synthesis has filled a gap in our literature on this subject. Volumes ranging from the downright sentimental to the abstruse philosophical aspects of Communism have been written. However, it has remained for this book to present effectively the impact of Communism on our lives.

Although **The Challenge of World Communism** may not create any great furor in diplomatic circles, it is certainly a great contribution to the understanding and clarifying of the intentions of communists. It is a book written honestly and fairly by an American for presentation to the American people.

John R. Klopke

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***Beleaguered City.* By A. H. Bill. New York: Knopf, 1946.**

Over eighty years ago the stars and bars of the Confederate States of America were lowered from flagstuffs throughout the eleven seceded states. Yet the memory of what that flag represented—secession and civil war—lives in the heart and history of America. Because the North won the victory, there has been a natural supfluity of subjective histories treating of the Civil War. Little enough proportionately is written or read that deals with the lost cause of the Confederacy. Now Alfred Hoyt Bill, hoping in some manner to efface the lack of interest in Confederate war history, has given us **The Beleaguered City**.

This factual book describes Richmond, the capital of the Confederate States, during the siege years of 1861-1865. The author has gleaned minutely from biographies and autobiographies, from private diaries, personal manuscripts, and State documents the material used in his work. His skillful weaving of



the resultant facts into a memorable portrayal of Confederate life is competently done.

From the opening to the closing chapters of the volume, we are constantly kept aware of the fact that Richmond is truly a beleaguered fortress. All the bitter consequences of a city held in a relentless siege are graphically pictured with their political, civil, and military significance. Without, the land and sea forces of the Federal Government are continually harassing the city's defenses. Within, the pinch of constant want makes itself felt in the overpopulated bulwark.

**The Beleaguered City** clearly brings out intimate details of the lives of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and a number of other greats and near-greats. The volume is likewise a mirror of the attitudes of the populace toward the exigencies of the times. Their discontent, their disappointments, and their discouragement at the mismanagement of affairs on the home front are vividly seen. At the same time, the author relates many incidents of self-sacrifice in the hospitals; of the generous sharing of limited necessities; of deeds of valor; and of the city's undying hope of ultimate victory.

That Alfred Hoyt Bill, a Northerner, should treat **The Beleaguered City** sympathetically is reason enough for reading the book. That he handles his material so effectively is ample proof of his ability to write a history of this nature. But in spite of his literary qualities, he neglects to mention that the subjects of his narrative were fighting a war on their own behalf to preserve a feudal system in whose benefits the underprivileged had no hope of sharing.

Robert L. Conway

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**Three Plays.** By Paul Claudel. (Translated by John Heard). Boston: John W. Luce, 1945.

Once again, Paul Claudel, whose plays have been called "poetic arsenals against the modern world," shines forth as one of the leading Catholic dramatists of our time. His recently published **Three Plays** are crowning contributions to our Catholic literary heritage. With all the elegant vigor that has made him

outstanding, he presents three plays covering the period between the French Revolution and the Franco-Prussian war in a most enjoyable fashion.

The plays portray three successive generations of the same family and the evolution of France from a feudal to a modern nation. The task of translating Claudel to present him to the English speaking public was undertaken by John Heard. His work in the present volume is magnificent, so that after reading Mr. Heard's translation one's desire for more of Claudel becomes insatiable.

Combining his creative genius and imaginative power, Claudel brings the reader under his spell immediately. In the first play, **The Hostage**, the reader witnesses the tragic story of a French countess who, in order to save the exiled Pope hidden as hostage under her roof, forces herself into a loveless marriage to live a life of servile obedience.

The two sequels, **Crusts** and **The Humiliation of Father**, then carry the family story from the time of Napoleon to that of Garibaldi. In the second play the younger generation, offspring of the loveless match, comes forth with the spirit that is France. Throughout can be seen the disturbing effects of revolution along with the rise of commercialism and industrialism. It is the age of crass materialism and a mad scramble in which only the individual and the present count.

Following this, in the third play, can be observed the last line of the family bereft of all pride and possession, hopelessly attempting to re-establish itself; however, now it is too late, since the individual and not the caste has become the social unit; traditions handed down from generation to generation no longer govern the actions of men; individualism is now the master under which all family traditions and caste rulership must succumb.

In Claudel's plays it is remarkable how all incidents are closely correlated to afford the reader a wealth of entertainment. With clever ingenuity and daring Claudel weaves a plot that is as human as it is clashing. His pen flows with the capableness that has made him a leading dramatist. Frequently he captures the reader's imagination and undivided attention in presenting



characters and events with intelligence and understanding. All of his plays are permeated with Catholic philosophy. His recent trilogy is no exception, for not infrequently can be seen the effectiveness of God's grace as the characters "pray for a bright flame to light the way."

Ralph M. Cappuccilli

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***The Fourfold Vision.* By F. Sherwood Taylor. London: Chapman & Hall Ltd., 1945.**

Ever since the days of Galileo, that "most wise man so foolish in the ways of men," with roots stretching still further back into the Middle Ages, there has existed an imaginary breach between science and religion which has become ever wider with the passage of time. As befits a question of such import, a great mass of discussion, much of it fruitless, is available for our examination; yet the thinking rearer derives little comfort from it. Unfortunately, it seems that the scientists and the theologians, in spite of all their good intentions, have succeeded only in widening the breach between the two schools of thought.

Doctor Taylor's little work, **The Fourfold Vision**, is a decisive step in the right direction—an erudite synthesis of thought, which brings to light the fallacy upon which the age-old discussion has been based. Besides attempting to rectify the errors of the past, he emphasizes the great danger lurking in today's rapid advance of scientific knowledge, without a corresponding increase in the wisdom necessary to control the application of that knowledge. Finally, the author outlines his philosophy of science, though rather incompletely. He maintains that in order to understand fully the phenomena of nature, the scientist must ever be mindful of the relation of these phenomena to our intellect, to the rest of the natural world, and to their Great First Cause. In every scientist there must be a bit of the poet, still more of the mystic, otherwise his work becomes dry and intellectually sterile.

Especially noteworthy is Doctor Taylor's way of life for the scientific man:

**"Let him be a Christian philosopher; let him discard the shallow mechanistic view of himself and the world, and**



try to see the world whole, living, lovely, and loving. Let him learn what is his purpose, and then fortified against any tyrant (for those that despise the world may laugh at such), turn to his science and use it for that purpose. Let him refuse to have it prostituted to luxury, fraud, cruelty; let the profession organize itself and adopt an ethic higher even than that of the physician. Let it cast out the man who sells his power to the pimp of the rich and the war-maker's assassins. Let the natural philosopher lead the world as of old, instead of dragging it into the mire as have the materialistic philosophers of the last two centuries."

The far reaching effects of heeding these injunctions are quite evident. We may only hope that the ideals of the author, himself a scientist of wide renown, and a recent convert to the Church, are becoming widespread among those who hold the very destiny of our civilization in their grasp. All things considered, **The Fourfold Vision**, may be recommended as an excellent discussion of the subject written in non-technical language intelligible to students of all fields of knowledge.

John L. Goetz

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Perhaps without looking at it that way, many young men spent the last three or four years in the World University. In the service, East met West, and a man learned life as he had never before realized it to be. Graduation from this University came.

Ten million men in the armed service of their country. Ten million men, less the ones who did not return, are a power. They can count on those who did not return to increase that power. Those of the ten million who are privileged to complete their college work have the esteemed privilege of being the leaders in the world that is to be built not out of the ashes of defeat but out of the edifice of victory.

Having fought hard and long for a lasting peace, those leaders can and will shape the world of tomorrow.